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SHADED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Is but a memory that my life has shaded;
Why should I mourn for one who is no more?
The leaves have withered and the flowerets faded,
The waters have lost their brightness by the shore—
Their murmur like to happy laughter,
Now only bear a melancholy moan;
Oh, can it be that in the dim hereafter
I shall not enjoy and know thee as my own?

Ever to thee with longing and persistence,
Those thy eyes are bright with love divine,
And somewhere, somewhere in the happy distance,
I yet shall meet and recognize thee mine.
But where the songs around your way are swelling
In tones of joy, oh, can you, can you know
Within the brightness of your blessed dwelling
The wretchedness and heart-break here below?

Sometimes dream, and in my dream behold you
As bright as in your girlhood, and as fair;
Within my arms again I fondly fold you,
While I caress your golden-tinted hair.
Eyes of blue! The grave mould coldly presses
Where I loved, the heart that was my own;
The hair is dark that shared my fond caresses,
And over thee the dreary winds make moan.

The brightness of the Summer hath departed,
The chilly days of Autumn touch the land;
Under-chart we wandered happy-hearted,
When life was bright, together hand-in-hand.
The leaves are withered, and the flowers have faded,
The waves break coldly on the dreary shore;
My life is desolate and sadly shaded,
For thou art gone forever more.

THE NORTHGATE MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER. BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

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CHAPTER VII.—NEWS FROM NORTHGATE.

"Come, you look so angry," said Bella pressingly, "I hope I have not done anything to offend you."

"I have no right to be offended at anything you do, Miss Bella," said Joe. Then, summoning courage, he said, in a burst: "I only wish I were."

"Why?"

"Because I should ask you to stop all these flirtations on with Ravenswood," he continued, growing more excited. "One of these days you will be sorry, I am thinking."

"Sorry what, pray? You puzzle me."

"Do I? I don't think so. You know what I mean well enough. You are in love with him, and you imagine he is in love with you; but before long you will find out differently."

"Upon my word," she said with a little cold touch of rising anger; "you presume upon my good nature, Mr. Butts. Still, it is quite possible to exceed its limit."

"I don't care, Bella," he answered, changing color, "I came here this morning to speak to you at any cost. I have noticed a good deal of things lately. Charley Ravenswood does not care for you, and I do. He does not care for anybody but himself. He is vain and selfish; and it pleases his vanity to see you in love with him; but he grows tired of everything in time, and will of that; and if you are wise you will not encourage him further."

"I must beg to interrupt him, but could not. He went on unsteadily:

"Bella, forgive my plain talk, but I love you well, and I do—and have loved you for ever so long without daring to say a word about it. I only want to see you made to suffer by this man. I don't dislike him—quite the reverse in many respects—but I know his character and can read it. He was made in a strange mould different from other people—and is just one of those unconventional persons who come into the world foredoomed to be unhappy, and to make others so. He may even fancy he returns this infatuation of yours; but it is self-deceived, and if you let it go on you see that at the moment he perceives his power he will shrink from you as if you were a leper."

He was standing now, very pale, agitated, angry. Several times she had essayed to break his speech without success.

"Stop!" she cried at length. "I shall not listen to another syllable of this impertinence. I do not understand one word of what you are talking about. Of Mr. Ravenswood's character you know nothing, of mine still less, and our relations between us least of all. You never had the shadow of a claim to address me, sir—and—all you have said is an insult. I wish you to go—to leave me—and never to speak to me again."

"Well, I suppose I have made a fool of myself," he answered, going to the door. "I did not know before I came in to act differently—but I will coolly and sensibly—but a man can't always control his feelings, particularly under such circumstances. But before I leave, Miss Meredith, I venture to offer my friendship and service—you may have use for both some day, and I beg pardon if I have said anything insulting—and—and—good-morning, then."

He clapped on his hat and retired, closing the door after him very carefully, and when he got out in the garden-path he shook his head, as if bees were buzzing around his ears, and looked about him like a man a good deal stunned and confused.

The truth is, his experience had upon him the effect of an explosion. This effect had not lasted, it seemed, more than a few minutes, and he could hardly realize what had taken place. His Bella—his pretty, little Bella, whom he had admired, and, in fact, worshiped in secret for so long—whom he had intended to open his heart to and confide in—for whom he had been preparing a cool and touching set-speech in advance—what was she? What had happened? Was it a dream?

He could only recollect that he had seen a head bending over her, and had lost control over himself; and the love he had privately cherished with such care—how had he at last betrayed it? With truculence and rage, with violence, and he hardly knew what accusations. A beggar in his drink had not so much called," thought poor Joe, in Emilian. And very properly his extrusion was and ignominious—had followed, and a fight between him and that pretty girl had been, although she did not know it, chiefly everything to him, there could be but one on her side hatred and contempt, and on his melancholy, distance and unspeakable

The astonishment at his extraordinary words and warning may, perhaps, be pardoned. She knew, with the sure and subtle instinct of womanhood, that the simple, honorable way always admired and liked her; but that to make him with any more serious feelings would have struck her as ludicrous and absurd. Here, however, was a new and strange phase in his character, quite apart from the ghostly and supernatural, and not at all boring. After the revelation, it was very clear relations should dissolve; otherwise, the preposterous jealousy and attendant folly to meddle with what did not concern her. Joe Butts might become a very formidable nuisance. Still, it is hard to break up an association; and as Bella saw the absurd fellow pass by the window, bewildered, angry, out to the soul, she could not help a pang of regret. He intruded upon her no more, and next day she went to visit distant relatives she had mentioned, and got that rest and quiet for a few weeks she proclaimed, were absolutely necessary.

Of course nothing had yet been heard from the absent truant Captain Northgate. It did look like something more serious than a escapade, and grave conjectures were made as to whether he could have actually run away with himself, to summarily put an end to the ennui which was known to have fallen on him, or have become the victim of foul play.

The latter was at length set at rest. One morning the mail brought a letter in the cappingly penmanship addressed to Mrs. Thurlow—a letter explaining not long, but sufficient. He regretted the sudden departure must have given; but, owing to very serious had occurred to him, about which he could not yet speak, but those who felt any interest in him, if there still were such, or curiosity, might rest assured that he was in no actual danger—though, he said, in some difficulty. His own imprudence might better say folly—was responsible for his unlucky position; but time would extricate him, and he thought at a future day he would be able to fully vindicate himself. Under the circumstances he could not expect Rhoda to hold herself to her engagement, and therefore she might consider herself, so far as he was concerned, perfectly free. His apologies were abject, and he begged that, notwithstanding his conduct, she might still try to think kindly of him; and he closed with the assurance that his affection for her was still unaltered, and would end only with his life.

The same mail brought a letter from the captain's hand to his friend Ravenswood, which that gentleman showed freely to the curious at Potter's Billiard-rooms and elsewhere. It was not written in low spirits, but rather in a sort of good-humored defiance of fate and all her machinations. He had played the scoundrel, he supposed some people thought, and at the present stage his own mere words could not be offered in defense; but, as in Miss Thurlow's letter, he indicated that time would show his character in a better light and be his justification.

Both these letters were dated from New York. He did not appear to be under the necessity of keeping dark, at least; on the contrary, he spent most of his time in public places, particularly the theatres, and the latter part of his communication contained a great deal of the current theatrical gossip, such as he thought might amuse his friend.

Ravenswood, whose temper had not improved lately, sneered at the letter and spoke with anything but respect of its writer.

"A poltroon, sir," he said to little Billy Glanders at the billiard-room, after the performance on the night following the arrival of the missive. "A gentleman would not have acted so."

He addressed the crowd in general, rather than little Billy, and they heard him with great respect, as he lounged by the fire, splendid and proud and ill-humored. He did not often show himself there, and was usually taciturn enough. They agreed with him. Deddington was a chivalrous place, and its people as of one family, and they resented Miss Thurlow's injury with honest warmth.

Ravenswood talked a great deal that night, and in a way made himself agreeable. It was late when he withdrew, and even then he did not go to his lodgings, but rambled about the streets, quite alone, for half an hour, and then struck off into the country, and I don't think there was a soul awake in the town when he came back. Mrs. Dobbles was so accustomed to his whimsical comings and goings that hardly any noise he might have made could have awakened her. So when, about two or three o'clock—or who knows what time?—he let himself in with his latchkey and ascended to his room, he did not disturb her. Pale and fatigued he looked, in the light of his lamp, as he entered the room, and wearily but kindly he spoke in answer to the greeting of his little dog; and so threw himself into a chair before the fire and mused dismally.

"Tired to death, curse it!" he said, with a light thump on the table. "What a fool I have been! I know what I am doing? Was there ever such a mad piece of business in all the world!"

And so on, incoherently, he soliloquized, with all sorts of interjections, and sometimes very strong language. And at last up he got and went over to the window where his desk stood, and from a locked compartment took a small vial with a curious stopper. Some liquid quite white, like water, this vessel held, and he measured a quantity of it by a teaspoon in a glass, and, qualifying it with water, drank it off. A solution of morphia, I suppose it was, which he had originally used for headache, and a good deal oftener, perhaps, of late for pain of another sort. The drug was quieting; and now, lazily, he undressed and got himself to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.—ACCIDENT.

Mrs. Thurlow had formerly assisted her husband as writing-mistress in the early days of the "Academy for Young Gentlemen," and was considered an eminent authority on penmanship, and even professed, I believe, a knowledge of the more abstruse science of autography, as it is called, or judgment of the character by the handwriting. She avowed that, as with some people, a face once seen is never forgotten, so was handwriting by her.

One afternoon, several days after the arrival of Captain Northgate's letter, Mrs. Thurlow, sitting with Rhoda, suddenly asked to see that composition again.

The Doctor had gone out riding, his custom always in the afternoon, and the two ladies were quite alone.

Rhoda produced the letter, and it was attentively read and commented on for the twentieth time, and Mrs. Thurlow, inspecting it carefully once more in silence, said:

"Written, you see, in a great hurry, and not in his usual hand. I should hardly take the penmanship for Captain Northgate's"—she spoke of him as Cyril no more—"except for the cramped and straggling formation of his characters. Have you any other specimens of his writing?"

In the music-book there was a song, the words of which he had copied for Rhoda from the original in the hands of a young lady at the theatre.

"A very marked difference, you observe," pursued Mrs. Thurlow, comparing the two specimens, "but at the same time a general resemblance. This letter is written in a decidedly tremulous hand—can't you detect a certain agitation in the loops and curves?"

"I doubt, notwithstanding, whether he was in a very violent state of agitation," laughed Rhoda. "Simply a shakiness of the nerves from bad hours and bad habits of all kinds."

"It cost him a pang to write this letter, Rhoda, and I shall never believe differently," retorted Mrs. Thurlow impressively. "When a person writes a letter in a style of caligraphy so very different from what is usually employed that it is scarcely recognizable, I maintain that there is decided mental agitation."

"I don't know, I am sure; but it is all over, and I am very glad," said Rhoda quietly. "Oh! here is papa," and she rose as the old-fashioned vehicle, almost in the style of a doctor's gig, drove up to the gate.

"There is someone with him, I think," said Mrs. Thurlow, peering out curiously; "and what can your father mean? He is tying the horse to the post."

Rhoda had gone to the other window, from which post of observation she saw Dr. Thurlow carefully descend from the gig, followed immediately by another person—a figure she recognized with something like a shock—for it was Charles Ravenswood.

"Who can it possibly be, dear?" inquired Mrs. Thurlow, anxiously inspecting the stranger. "How very distinguished-looking. If Doctor Thurlow expected anyone to tea, it is singular he did not inform me."

The two gentlemen came up the little gravelled walk, the Doctor in advance, and disappeared together under the hooded porch, and a second afterwards were heard in the hall.

They were in the room. Rhoda through a mist saw the tall form of Ravenswood and his singularly handsome face; and in her ears sounded the confused murmur of the Doctor's introduction—all like a dream.

"Really saved my life," she heard her father say more distinctly, as she gradually returned to herself. "Old Darby, you know—safe and gentle as a house-dog, I always thought—I should have trusted him anywhere—it is really a—unaccountable; I can't imagine what came over him. I never was so frightened—my heart is beating yet. I certainly owe Mr. Ravenswood my life."

"The children in the road startled him," said Ravenswood in his inexpressibly sweet and gentle tones. "There was a boy beating a drum, you may remember."

"Egad! I was, as usual, in a reverie, and remember nothing except that Old Darby, as sober as myself the instant before, suddenly reared and bolted away with me, jerking the reins out of my hand. An earthquake could hardly have been more surprising."

So he told the story of the runaway more in detail, by which it appeared that Ravenswood, opportunely in the neighborhood, had courageously rushed into the road and seized "Old Darby" just at the point when that hitherto faithful animal was about to toss his master out of the gig into a ditch.

I dare say nothing more serious than a good shaking-up and concussion would have followed, had the horse succeeded. Ravenswood pooh-poohed his exploit. But Doctor Thurlow, naturally timid, was confoundedly frightened, and looked upon his escape from a horrible death as simply miraculous.

Mrs. Thurlow received the first mention of Ravenswood's name a little stiffly; but, the story of the Doctor's misadventure having been related, she thanked his rescuer honestly and warmly. In truth, it was impossible not to be impressed with the actor's appearance—so handsome and highbred—and he so modestly deprecated all claims to any acknowledgment, and he spoke so gently and even sadly; and, in short, very few minutes had slipped by before Mrs. Thurlow came to the conclusion that he was, beyond all question, the most attractive person she had ever met. She had always entertained her own notions about theatrical people—a mysterious tribe, like the gipsies—subjects for speculation, but not presentable or to be cultivated. Ravenswood had shivered that theory.

All this while Rhoda had not uttered a word, nor had she met the actor's glance, and you would have said they had never been before aware of each other's existence. In the first shock of the surprise she was, perhaps, a little frightened; but now a faint smile flickered across her face, and she began to perceive the humorous phase of the situation.

"You will stay to tea with us, Mr. Ravenswood?" said Mrs. Thurlow hospitably. "I insist."

He murmured something about duties at the theatre; but the lady pinned him closely, and he was obliged to admit that he was not to act that evening. Thus it happened that he remained and drank tea with the Doctor's family, and over that nectar made himself agreeable upon many subjects. It was hardly aviodable that the unlucky topic of Northgate should come up, although Ravenswood tried to elude Mrs. Thurlow's inquiries with all the dexterity of which he was master.

"You were very intimate with him, Mr. Ravenswood, were you not?"

"He was, strictly speaking, more intimate with me," said he. "I thought I knew all his secrets, such as they were; but events have shown differently."

He exhibited the captain's letter, which Mrs. Thurlow examined curiously and commented on. Here, again, she avowed a discovery of a marked change in the absentee's handwriting, showing that he was, as she vaguely expressed it, under circumstances of great mental agitation.

"Under duress, you think?" inquired her guest carelessly.

"I will not say that. There is very probably no physical restraint, but he is suffering."

She made quite a little dissertation, with the letter for a text, to which Ravenswood listened with polite attention. But he was glad when they all returned to the parlor again and the subject was dismissed.

You could hardly fancy a pleasanter evening for a group so quiet. Doctor Thurlow was delighted with his guest—a kindred mind, he thought—and, the topic of the stage arising, would have monopolized him, had not Mrs. Thurlow protested.

The actor did not lose the opportunity to say a few graceful words in defense of his profession.

"There is much prejudice, of course," remarked Mrs. Thurlow, with a very distinct recollection of her own recent impressions. "Very unjust prejudice in many cases, I am sure."

Rhoda sang, and then played an accompaniment for Ravenswood, whose fine baritone made its usual impressions; and then they performed a duet together.

It would, I think, be difficult to estimate how much we of modern society owe the piano. If we are obliged to endure a good deal of auricular torture at the hands of generally well-meaning but mistaken performers upon this instrument, is there not here enforced, as in so many other things, that law of compensation which keeps up the balance of existence and makes it endurable? Under the rumble and thunder of the bass pedal, what important confidences, otherwise impossible in a crowded room, are successfully exchanged? Half the details of modern love-making are conducted over the keyboard. Two people occupying this point of vantage, be the throng never so great, are, while always under the general eye, as comfortably isolated as they might be anywhere on earth; and so impressions are made, understandings arrived at, quarrels compounded, and the whole business of courtship carried on.

It is not to be supposed that Ravenswood and Miss Thurlow, with their secret between them, could accept the accident of fate which, contrary to anything that at least one of them had ever dreamed, had thus brought them together, free to be friendly, without experiencing a wish to exchange views upon so extraordinary a circumstance. Not even a look had passed between them so far, and at their formal introduction both, as we know, had loved like strangers. Now, however, the moment had arrived when the constraint and uncertainty of the previous situation must, in one way or another, be dissolved.

"You have caused me a great deal of suffering this evening," said Rhoda in a low voice, while she played and he sang. "I feel a contempt for myself that I can hardly express. Could anything be more degrading than the role I have been playing—pretending never to have seen you before?"

"What could I do?" he said a moment later, when it was her turn to bear the burden of their performance. "It was your place to have recognized *me*—you must allow that in justice. I did not wish to come; but your father insisted, and placed what he was pleased to consider his obligation to me in such a light that to have refused would have been simply insult. You surely cannot think that I would willingly inflict pain upon you of any kind."

"Well, you know at best of what hypocrisy I am capable. It is all very curious; and I suppose you remember what I said the last time we saw each other—about removing poor papa's prejudices."

"I remember every word you ever spoke to me, Miss Thurlow," said Ravenswood sincerely.

"Very little worth the trouble, I'm afraid. But, regarding papa's prejudices, I think they are effectually removed—mamma's also—and, unless you dislike us all very much, this will not be your last visit here. We owe you papa's life."

"What nonsense! I assure you he was in no danger. But if you *will* have me a hero, 'I must have patience to endure the load.' It is a good deal like a dream to me—all this. I never could have imagined myself standing where I am. By this time I thought you would have been Mrs. Northgate. When we met and parted that evening in the churchyard, I supposed it was for the last time, and had got myself into a most sentimental frame of mind——"

"While now you look upon it all as ridiculous," she said, gravely and almost sadly.

"No," he answered, perceiving that she did not like his tone. "Honest emotion is never ridiculous in my eyes, Miss Rhoda, and you do not know how I felt that night. I was sorry you were going to marry Captain Northgate, and more sorry that you were going to marry at all, and—and—there was a great deal more——"

"Which you had better keep to yourself," she interrupted, laughing. "Captain Northgate appears to have been a good deal terrified at the prospect before him also, and has left me in a very mortifying strait. I suppose all the young ladies in town are making merry over my predicament. Well, it doesn't matter; I shall be a happy old maid now, and, after a while, I may do some laughing also in my turn. This is the last verse, isn't it?"

So the song ended.

CHAPTER IX.—HAUNTED.

It was quite eleven when Ravenswood bade good-night and withdrew from the hospitable old Doctor's cottage; time had glided by insensibly. The actor was in better spirits than for a long time. Never had he spent a pleasanter evening. The Doctor himself, so learned, genial, simple, most delightful of pedagogues; his wife, so wise a matron and so ladylike; and Miss Thurlow—Rhoda—so beautiful, so charming, so near perfection in everything. Ravenswood was, in fact, quite tipsy over his good luck. Everything had come about so happily—he had never dreamed—and now, how would it end? A shadow crossed him for a minute—sinister and malignant—and in a starlight something almost like a scowl distorted his handsome features; his friends of a while ago would have been startled at that aspect, but it was only for a moment. The one beautiful image in his mind filled it so completely that nothing unpleasant could intrude there long.

A little up the street he discerned a figure coming towards him that he knew—Joe Butts. Another time and in a different mood he would have avoided poor Joe; but now he was glad to have someone to talk to, and, moreover, was there not that ambiguous affair of the other day to be smoothed over and set right?

They had not spoken since, and Joe was for turning away; but Ravenswood hailed him cordially, placing his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"The goodness of the night upon you, Joe! Where have you been and where are you going? How did the play go off to-night? And how was the house?"

Joe sulked a little and replied dryly; but Ravenswood was not to be put off so. His own spirits were so exuberant that he soon rallied the comedian into good humor also, and in a minute or two that honest fellow dismissed his grudge and linked his arm in his companion's very amicably.

"You must go with me to my rooms, Joe. I want someone to talk to. When did you hear from Bella?"

Joe winced, and Ravenswood felt his own arm tremble; but he said quietly:

"She does not write to me. Of course, you know we had a—a disagreement."

"How should *I* know? You don't imagine that she writes to me either, Joe? Don't mind the disagreement; women love to keep up a mysterious, smouldering quarrel with a fellow they like. I'll read you something from a book about that."

Ravenswood let himself in with a latch-key, and they went up to his rooms together, where he answered the welcome of his terrier, lighted a lamp and produced some refreshments.

"They enjoy a lover's misery," he continued, going to the bookcase and taking down a small volume. "Listen! It is Hans Gruter who said this," and smiling, a little sarcastically it may be, he read:

"I knew she loved me, for we never met without a quarrel. The morning she slapped my face filled the measure of my bliss, for then I saw that she could not control her feelings for me. With women, love is like the idol worship of an Indian tribe; at the moment their hearts are bursting with devotion they like to cut and wound and maltreat their god. With them, this is the ecstacy of their passion."

With the same sardonic smile on his handsome face, he replaced the book and came to the fire and sat down before it, with his hands in his pockets, and for some time, while he mused thus, there was a silence.

"Yes, women—girls, I mean, of course—are mysterious creatures, Ravenswood," said Joe, who very dimly comprehended the metaphysics just read for his benefit; "but so are men—some men, at least. Now, I never understood you quite."

"Plain as—as that lamplight there, sir."

"I always thought you rather liked Bella yourself, without exactly wishing to like her, but at the same time wishing her to like you."

"Bella? Not I, Joseph, except in the beaten way of friendship. There is another—not a being of earth, but a spirit afar ——"

And he sang a snatch of song, wild and sad, addressed to an ideal love. His mood changed when he had finished, and he said rather bitterly:

"We all follow phantoms, Joe; and, by the way, that reminds me—how are your supernatural investigations progressing?"

The comedian rustled in his seat uncomfortably and smiled shyly.

"You will think it ridiculous, of course, Ravenswood," he said; "but I really have had some proof that there is foundation for some of the strange stories told of places."

"Indeed?"

"Last night, I assure you, after the performance I was not very sleepy, and I visited the neighborhood of the haunted mill on the Gladewater."

Ravenswood had been poking the fire, and he stopped abruptly with a sharp "Ah!"

"I was there alone, and it was after twelve o'clock, and I assure you that I saw lights and figures. You will think me a fool; but that old building is haunted just as they say."

"Haunted by rats."

"I swear I saw lights moving by the windows, and twice heard a very strange, unearthly cry, and once the form of a man came to the low door below, with a torch in his hand, and stood there for over a minute—just such a person as Dangerfield is described to have been."

"You were frightened, I suppose?"

"I—well, of course, I felt a little queer; there was not a soul about, and the night was very dark, and you know it is the most dismal spot on earth."

Ravenswood returned the poker to its corner and leaned back, reflecting; but he did not seem to be in quite the same good humor.

"If you really did see what you describe, and it was not all imagination," he said, "there is only one explanation—you saw human beings—tramps or ruffians of some kind. I hear that there have been robberies about here of late. I am surprised that the owner of that mill does not rent or lease it to someone. I walked out there some time ago, and found it by no means such a ruin as I had been led to suppose, and a very little would put it in proper condition."

"He could never find a tenant."

"No trouble on that score, believe me. It is just this—some clever rogues have a snug nest there, and keep up the bad reputation of the place by that very old device of making noises at night and showing lights. Let the owner get a tenant there of the right sort, and I rather think your ghosts, Joe, will cease to show up."

"I am not the only one who has seen queer things there. A fellow driving past a few nights ago saw—and he is willing to swear it—old Dangerfield and the young officer himself."

"What young officer?" asked Ravenswood sharply, and Joe fancied that he looked rather paler than usual.

"The British officer who was murdered there—don't you recollect the story? His body, some say, was buried in the cellar. A murdered man would not be likely to rest quietly in a grave like that."

"You are a fool, if you believe such stuff as that," said Ravenswood roughly. "It's all a lie—a villainous lie," and he, not used to swearing, blurted out a round oath, such as considerably startled his companion.

"But this fellow the other night—a farmer, you know, from the up-country—swears that he saw the ghost of the officer—a pale, slight, delicate young man—standing near the mill in the moonlight."

"It's not true, I tell you," retorted Ravenswood violently. "The idea of a rational man like you believing any such rubbish! I don't know what to think of you, Butts."

He seemed to be in one of his tempers, and struck the arm of his chair viciously.

"There's no use in getting angry about it," said Joe. "Some people have a constitutional tendency towards the marvelous, as doctors will tell you, and I suppose I am one of them. I can't help believing that a murdered man will come back after death and denounce his assassin. I would do it myself."

"But it *can't* be done."

"Well, why don't you go there some night and investigate for yourself?"

"Not I! I am not anxious to be knocked on the head for my money—or—or that kind of thing; and if you are wise you will keep away too, my good fellow. Lots of dangerous characters about this neighborhood; they were speaking of it at Potter's yesterday. I never had the fancy of some people for prowling in strange places late at night."

Joe smiled.

"Some say differently, Ravenswood. The old woman, you know"—and he nodded upward—"what is her name?—Mrs. Dobbles—says you keep no hours at all."

"Curse that woman!" and Ravenswood did curse her vehemently. "I'll leave these lodgings—I'll move to-morrow. You never could think of such lies as she is constantly telling about me."

He rose and began striding up and down the floor, raining anathemas upon his landlady, somnolent above, and peacefully unconscious of the dreadful things he invoked upon her.

But the gust blew over presently, and he resumed his chair.

"Folly unworthy of children, Joe," he said, "to believe in such stories, and you will find yourself in a very ridiculous position—a laughing-stock for everybody—if you continue to cherish such notions. I don't suppose any crime ever took place there; and if it did, I certainly don't believe the victim could come back to tell of it. The time *is* when a man's brains are out the man is dead, and that's the end of him."

A little longer they talked, and Joe told some of his best authenticated ghost-stories, and related several out of Sir Walter Scott and other histories of this sort of lore. Ravenswood listened—rather impatiently, it seemed—certainly he was not impressed.

They parted kindly, and Ravenswood accompanied his guest to the door with a light, and stood there for a minute or two watching him until he had melted into the distant shadows of the street.

"A good-natured little fool," soliloquized Ravenswood as he ran up the stairs again. "All fools are good-natured, they say—and dangerous."

He had a letter to write which might not be postponed, and, immediately getting out his materials, he indited that composition, which was brief and to the following effect:

MY DEAR BELLA.—So far all is well. Everything has been accepted without question, and I have not had the least inquietude until this evening, and that only momentary. Joe Butts was here a little while ago, and told me something about Gladewater Mill being haunted—lights and people being seen there at night, etc. But there is no real necessity, I am sure, to feel disturbed. The secret buried there will not be revealed. Who would have a motive to unearth it? Idle curiosity might do mischief; but I shall take effectual measures to prevent accident. Suspicion there is none, so accident is all that we need provide against. What is hidden from the light is safe. As I have already several times directed, remain passive, and trust me as I trust you. You seem to be growing impatient; but that must be conquered. Wait only a little longer, and you shall be free. Devotedly yours, R.

He sealed this in an envelope and locked it in his desk. Then he returned to his chair before the fire, and dawn found him there still, enjoying a waking dream, which he had begun to believe lately might, after all, not be so impossible as it had once seemed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRIO OF BURLESQUE ACTRESSES.

LIZZIE WEBSTER. NELLIE LARKELLE. VENIE CLANCEY.

STRAY THOUGHTS BUNCHED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY COXEY.

High-strung gentlemen—Texas horse-thieves.

Mewtiny on the high C's—midnight cat-caucus.

Isn't a journalistic plagiarist a cliptomaniac?

A well-known actor calls his horse a Hamletonian.

An empty champagne-bottle is like an orphan, because it has lost its pop.

A country editor winds up an article on the corn crop with the remark: "We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair of enormous ears."

A young criminal in jail told a visiting gospelizer that he had been brought up under spiritual influences. The old man always kept a jug full in the house.

Jump-up-and-run-away-and-then-sit-down-again, one of the hostile Indian gang, must have got that name by fooling around a yellow-jacket's nest.

Johnny Flopfinger's Sunday-school teacher asked him how he thought Jonah must have felt about the time the whale swallowed him, and the brilliant little Jack replied: "I guess he felt as if he was goin' to go up the spout."

"Meet me by gaslight alone," sang a young chap the other night beneath the window of his own Maria. And she popped her beautiful blonde head out and sang back: "Now, you get out o' here, you sugar-cured tenpin—I ain't a gas-meter."

They were engaged in a *tete-a-pete* [illegible] in the evening twilight, talking of the children days that had passed, and Angelina absently remarked: "How one thing brings to mind, Geawge!" "Yes," replied George; then looking up suddenly, "an emetic, for instance." Angelina merely said it was growing dark and damp, and it was time to ride home.

Canton, O.

THE ALBATROSS.—Somebody who has been studying the habits of the albatross, largest of the sea-birds in the South Atlantic, has come to the conclusion that it feeds almost entirely on dead fish, and is a sort of marine vulture. When it is feeding on dead fish, it is so greedy that a gun discharged cannot make it fly. Like a vulture or raven, it seems to know when any creature is dying or dead, and immense flocks of the birds will gather when the carcase of a sheep or beef or horse is thrown overboard. They appear to be able to see and to scent carrion for miles, and when it is floating on the ocean they will come in clouds from every point of the compass. They spend the greater part of the year far from land, but they go to barren and well-nigh inaccessible rocks to breed. The female lays her soiled white egg on the bare earth, the females often hatching so close together that they seem to have one nest in common. Then they are perfectly indifferent to the presence of man, at whom they merely snap when he invades their sanctuary. The male albatross is very gallant, sharing with the female the labor of incubation and of rearing the young, which, when fully fledged, puts off to sea with its parents, and with them plays its part of scavenger of the ocean. Many sailors are still superstitious about killing the albatross.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY VANDYKE BROWN.

You wonder, perhaps,
What respectable chaps
Like myself, for example, can find in this place
That's attractive. Ah, well,
It were puzzling to tell,
If the charm of the thing is not seen on its face.

You've a weakness, I'm told,
For china that's old,
For dishes outlandish in pattern and hue;
Yes, suppose you should try,
To explain to me why
You like the old crockery better than new?

'Twould be a mere waste
Of time, for my taste
Is not in that line. My pleasure is here—
To sit in the gloom
Of this underground room,
And calmly philosophize over my beer.

But it's vulgar, you think,
And this habit of drink
The feet of its followers frequently trips—
But ah, my dear sir,
You never can stir
The depths of man's soul till you've moistened his lips.

These rough, wooden chairs,
Those rickety stairs,
This quite unmistakable odor of cheese;
The lunch on the shelf,
Fat Hans there himself—
You may call them all common and cheap if you please;

Yet for me they possess
A charm none the less
Delightful because it is hid from your eyes;
And ev'rything here,
I assure you, is dear
To me as to Hans. Does that cause you surprise?

Then why let me ask
You are happy to bask
In society's sunshine; you're warmed by its rays;
Its shallow conceits,
Its thin-coated cheats—
All these you stand ready to honor and praise.

While you turn your nose up
At this earthenware cup,
And sip your champagne from costly cut glass,
And an old china dish
Bounds your uttermost wish—
Would it shock you if Hans there should call you an ass?

If a man has the mind,
Be assured he will find
Æsthetics in sausage, and poetry as rare
In lager as wine—
That shows his taste fine,
My sweet-scented lover of old crockery-ware!

The distinction is plain:
You were born for champagne,
While I was predestined to beer in a cup;
Yet beer is not bad
If a fellow can add
The malt of contentment. Here, Hans, fill 'em up!

A LOVER'S STRATAGEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY HUBERT H. DUVAR.

Lady Clara—Vere de Vere her name should have been, but it wasn't; it was Eversham—Lady Clara Eversham was a London belle of three seasons, with the face of an old Spanish or Italian master's angel, and the figure of a Greek statue. She was rich, immensely rich, and no doubt would have been happy if she had not been such a martyr to *ennui*. Everything bored her. She had tried everything, and everything was alike. She had tried high art and high church, and everything else high—of course she could do nothing low—and it was all the same. She thought she would write a novel, because all novels were so dull, and it wearied her to read them; but when she had two or three chapters written, she threw them in the fire.

"It is a bore," she said. "It is usually servant-maids who write society novels, and I'm sure I do not know enough French to suit the popular idea of *our* conversation."

So she yawned, and for very weariness was obliged to content herself with ordering a few new toilets, which were the envy of all her female friends, as she herself was the distraction of her male acquaintances.

"I wish they would not propose so often," she said to her cousin Miss Lydia Lyle. "They all make the same faces and say the same thing in the same way, just as they all dress their hair alike and patronize the same tailor. The idea! If ever I did accept one, he should not be a tailor's lay-figure. When I marry, it will be to have a master."

From which it may be inferred that Lady Clara was somewhat romantic, for all her languor.

Of course there was an aspiring yeoman who adored this Lady Clara who should have been named Vere de Vere. Only he wasn't a yeoman, but a barrister of good family, though poor; and his name was Charles Wickham. He found himself alone in a conservatory one night with Lady Clara, and he dropped on one knee and made a proposal in proper novelistic style. Lady Clara yawned, and said she did not care about private theatricals, as a general thing—they were such a bore.

"I do not like to see anyone I have a respect for make a fool of himself," she said, when narrating the circumstance to her cousin Miss Lyle.

Charles did not despair, however, and when Lady Clara and all the world went to Brighton he went too.

Lady Clara would persist in driving a pair of unmanageable horses, and the consequence was they ran away with her one day, and she would have been killed if Charles, at the risk of his own life, had not stopped them. He thought it well to strike while the iron was hot, and again made an offer of his heart and hand. Lady Clara said she didn't believe in introducing theatrical effects into everyday life, and didn't approve of marrying a hero to soft music, with a tableau of the whole company. It was a bore. Still our hero did not despair.

"She wants a man who is her master," he said, for Miss Lydia had basely betrayed this sentiment of Lady Clara's. "Well, she shall find one."

So he bided his time.

Lady Clara was more bored at Brighton than in Belgravia. She watched the fishing-boats go out to sea, and thought it would be a novelty to catch some fish. Charles offered to row her out for that purpose, and she graciously accepted his offer.

When they were about a mile from the shore Lady Clara dropped her glove into the water, and, as she darted forward to catch it, the boat, which was a flat-bottomed one, capsized. The next thing Lady Clara knew she was sitting on the bottom of the boat, supported by Charles Wickham's arm. She felt very uncomfortable, but recovered her coolness in a moment.

"Thank you," she said. "I can sit here without assistance."

Charles at once removed his arm, shifted to the farther end of the boat, and nursed the oars, which he had managed to pick up.

The sun had nearly set, and the tide was ebbing rapidly and carrying them out to sea. Lady Clara was very uneasy, but she tried to hide it. Charles took a weed from his cigar-case.

"Do you object?" he asked. "The wind will not let it annoy you."

She signified that it would not annoy her, and Charles sat and smoked for the space of half an hour, chatting gayly all the time, until the sun sank out of sight. Lady Clara was singularly silent.

"Beautiful sunset!" said Charles.

"Yes," said Lady Clara absently. "Are we not drifting farther from the shore?"

"Yes," said Charles cheerfully. "The wind and tide are in our favor, and we have gone more than a mile since we upset."

Lady Clara's face grew paler.

"It will soon be dark," she said, "and I am afraid no one will see us to rescue us."

"Not the least chance," he answered. "There is quite a rage nowadays for crossing the Atlantic in small craft. We will introduce a novelty, and cross on a boat bottom up. We will be quite celebrated characters when we reach New York."

His demoniac coolness, almost exultation, and the fast-gathering dark rose so overcame Lady Clara that she began to cry, and, besides, the boat began to toss about in a very alarming way.

"Are you a gentleman?" she sobbed.

"Well, no," he said coolly; "I do not think I am. I rehearse private theatricals sometimes, and occasionally improvise startling theatrical effects. That is all."

He could see Lady Clara's face flush as red as the last crimson streak in the sky as she turned to him.

"O Charles!" she cried "I WILL. You must forgive me, for I loved you all the time."

Of what followed Lady Clara has a very confused remembrance to this day, beyond a passionate kiss, the embrace of a strong arm, a cold plunge in the water, and then sitting dripping wet in the boat, now in its proper position, while Charles pulled with all his might for the shore.

Lady Clara is still as beautiful as ever, but, strange to say, is no longer troubled with ennui. Perhaps she has not time, for her husband is a member of Parliament, and she has also two other charges, who, for all their smallness, seem to require quite as much attention as their father, the rising statesman.

THE FRENCH ARMY is fixed in the Budget for 1879 at 496,443 men and 134,379 horses. In this are included the Republican Guard, numbering 27,132; the gendarmerie, 13,480; and 25,264 men and 18,756 horses in Algeria. The military budget amounts to 3110,000,000f. The number of one-year volunteers for 1879 is fixed at 6,810, and that of ordinary recruits at 145,068, comprising 62,000 men of the second contingent, who have to serve only from six to twelve months.

BOSTON is to be the next city with an elevated railroad, a charter having already been obtained.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

U. W. K., Ottawa.—If it is a fact that that coterie always plays straight flushes, then this pot should be divided between the two bettors. This should have been done in courtesy; for while it was the duty of the stranger to acquaint himself beforehand of the practices of that coterie, it was much more the duty of the coterie to inform him, a stranger, that it was their practice to play not only straights, but also straight flushes, which are not interdependent, being two distinct hands, the playing of the first not precluding the playing of the second. On the other hand, should it appear that this coterie does not always play straight flushes, that is proof that with them, as with the rest of the world, the straight flush is a matter of mutual agreement; and, these terms not being so special or mutual agreement in this case, A was the loser for the highest poker-hand, the world over, is composed of four aces, until we agree to manufacture a higher, such as the royal flush, or a hand of three other specified cards, or any one of a thousand other possible combinations, whose introduction into the game subserve no good purpose, and are really as evil, as flaunting tow rangling and to unjust. Those under the pies, wose or Yales, that this, that or the other coterie does or does not play such combinations.

E. E. G., Detroit.—C is wrong. The fault was primarily A's in not having more cream, and the fault was next his partner's in throwing down the tramp when he should have known, as well as C, that C had as yet not exercised a voice. A and C were one, being partners, and C was bound by the unwritten law of the trump. C's assertion that it was all done so quickly that he had no time to protest lacks probability. It can be true only as to D's passing before his turn, normally would have taken place for C to cry "Stop!" than it did for A to turn down the trump.

H. F., Virginia City.—1. Three engine Companies 21 and 14, of the old Volunteer Department of this city, had a fight in Printing-house Square, during which 13 was upset and pistols were fired, but we do not think anyone was killed. They fought upon another occasion in Broad street. 2. England did not did not in the Fourth and Fifth Districts prior to and during 1865. Five additional districts were made in the lower part of the island, which changed the old Fourth and Fifth into the Sixth and Seventh. Our recollection is that 44 did not do duty in either the Seventh or the Eighth District.

R. D. J., Avoca.—It is a case of mange. Destroy all the litter, thoroughly cleanse your dog's habitation each day—if a kennel—with boiling water, slightly impregnated with ammonia or carbolic acid. Let the bedding be clean straw or shavings. Wash the dog well with warm water and soft soap, and use the following ointment: Sulphur sub., 8oz., whalesoil, 8oz., oil of tar ½oz., ung. hydrarg., ½oz.; well mixed. Wash off and repeat in three days, and again after the same interval if necessary. Give plenty of exercise; no meat, but wholesome and nutritious food twice a day.

Iron Horse, Yale Falls.—"1. Is the following decision correct: Purchased wood—chips, deals, and 2 feet of water. C says he assists and goes it alone. Can A then go alone, if C consents? *Answer.*—Yes." ..... 1. The decision is clearly wrong. It permits C to virtually say to his partner: "If will go alone if you engage to do what I do not do." 2. We can show you where it has repeatedly decided the other way. 3. Why that difference of opinion between the players themselves, in the first place? 4. Melvin Foster is in Calvary ditch, yours.

R. A., Oxford.—"There are three candidates. A bets B that C will not receive three hundred majority over D. C is elected by a plurality vote, and received a majority himself over D. Who wins?" ..... A wins. The three hundred votes C polled in excess of D were a majority of that number over D. If "over D" had not been inserted between the words "majority" and "would" the result would have been the same, even though C would have had a majority when would have meant excess over both the other candidates.

ANXIOUS.—1. Of course there is. 2. There was no Bradley in the Returning Board. The Hon. Joseph P. Bradley was chosen a member of the Electoral Commission by four Judges of the U. S. Supreme Court. As two of these Judges were Republicans and two Democrats, it followed that Judge Bradley, also of the U. S. Supreme Court, was selected by them because he was regarded as bound by no tie to either party. 3. Judges of the U. S. Supreme Courts are appointed. 4. See rule No. 1.

PIONEER, San Francisco.—1. The Argonauts four-oared crew rowed two miles, with a turn, in 11m. 55s. The exact distance is very seldom rowed by professional four-oared wherries, and not often by amateurs in a turning race. 2. Cannot give average time. 3. All other conditions being similar, an oarsman should be able to attain a faster rate of speed on salt-water than on fresh, as the former affords a boat better buoyancy, and less resistance to be overcome, the labor entailed on the rower is not so great.

PRESTON, Detroit.—Hearts are trumps, A having refused to go into it, cards further. What was said by A bound neither party to run them. It was not A's "first say," and what he said amounted to nothing. It was B's place, as non-dealer, to make proposition. If B preferred to pass on hearts, without A's having said anything, A would evidently have refused, and the result would have been the same as it is now. All this is our opinion. There has never been a fixed rule in print or out of it, governing the point.

OPHIR CITY.—At Denver, Col., Capt. Bogardus attempted to kill four birds, sprung from four traps simultaneously, but had four guns at his disposal. The first gun he picked up wasn't loaded, and after snapping it he dropped it, and, catching up another, fired, bringing down one bird with the first barrel, and the other three with the second. Bogardus says he does not know what the rise was.

"FERGY," Montreal.—A wins the pot. It was immaterial what he called his own hand. B should not have thrown up his cards until he had *seen* A's. When he threw them up, and they became mixed with the pack, it was impossible for him to prove that he had even a pair. What A's number of nothing, just as he says, was, having he had four aces did not compel him to show four aces in order to win.

HENRY G.—1. Marriage in this State is by the law regarded merely a civil contract. That says a good deal, and further than that we do not care to say in print. 2. No. But it is possible for a foreign-born person to vote here without taking out any papers whatever. 3. If papers are necessary to entitle such a foreign-born person to vote, he cannot take out the final ones until he has been here five years.

J. M. P., St. Louis.—Thos. Maguire sent a negro-minstrel troupe to Australia, and it was probably with that troupe that Mr. Wade was engaged. By addressing letters of inquiry to Mr. Maguire, manager of Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., and also to Sheridan Corbyn (who also took another minstrel troupe to Australia about the same time), 532 Merchant street, that city, you may be able to get trace of him.

R. G., Owego.—Smith receives 3,480 votes, Jones 1,011, and Brown 611. A bets B that Smith will not have 2,500 majority. Who wins?" ....If you have made no mistake in your figures, the dispute is absurd. So far from having a majority in the usual sense of that word, Smith has not even a plurality of 2,500. His excess over Jones alone is only 2,469.

SUBSCRIBER, Quebec.—At the American game of vingt-un, which is the one now usually played, ties with the dealer are a stand-off. At the English game the dealer would have to pay. Whether you were playing the English or the American game it would be optional with Smith or not B called a "natural" as soon as he got his second card.

MELODRAMA.—1. Go to Blooms', 338 and 340 Bowery, where a female attendant will take the proper measurements for both symmetries and tights. The first-named have to be woven to order to insure a perfect form, and of course the tights must correspond in size. You could not measure yourself correctly for either.

J. C. S., Lafayette.—Performers seldom, if ever, publish their own song-books. A well-known publishing firm in this city does so, giving the performers a certain sum or amount or number of copies of the book for the right to use their name. You could not republish songs which are copyrighted, without the owner's consent.

B. F., Emlenton.—1. Randall will make two for a euchre. The game being regular euchre, the only player who could go alone was B. There is no "lone" in playing one hand against one hand. Four are given for five tricks because it is five deals to make against three.

T., Bridgeport.—The player who has eight balls wins the game. The idea is absurd that a man must continue on for the reason that, if he plays long enough, he will certainly incur a forfeit, or almost as certainly fall down and break a leg.

O. T. HARRIS, Morristown.—1. We publish brief accounts in the issue immediately following the dates on which the matches are played. 2. No. 3. We have not seen any. There is no organized football association in the States outside of the colleges. 4. No answers by mail.

E. R. D., Upper Sandusky.—There is sometimes such a hand in poker as a straight-flush. It is a special hand, introduced by agreement, and will beat four aces when it is played.

F. F. T., Philadelphia.—He never acted in "Around the World in Eighty Days," which was originally played in Paris, France. It was first acted in America at the Bowery Theatre, this city, March 29, 1875.

C. J. C., Landlow.—If you undertake to advise you, but should think that the American Institute Fair, in this city, or the Chicago Exposition, would be the best place to exhibit your invention.

C. D., National Hotel.—It has as much of an advantage in making one of his balls a rover as B has in having two balls to play with, instead of one. B's play in putting A rover on was correct.

SUBSCRIBER, READER, Buffalo.—Wait and see. The Judiciary Committee award the championship, and the champions have the CLIPPER banner as well as the pennant. The individual prizes will be gold.

PINCHER.—1. Weights are not used by amateur athletic clubs. 2. Johnson is claimed to have made 12ft. 5in. in the standing wide-jump, but we cannot say whether he used weights or not. 3. We do not know any such record.

RANGOR.—1. Straights, blazes and royal flushes are of no force in poker unless it is agreed upon to play them. As to the first and second, their value should also be agreed upon. A pair of aces are the best hand in poker.

ETHEL.—1. Unmarried. 2. After her recent divorce she was authorized by the Court to assume that name. 3. It is purely a matter of opinion who is the best child-actress at the present time.

UNSOPHISTICATED, St. Louis.—Write to J. H. Haverly, Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., and tell him what you wish to accomplish. We would not advise you to pursue the other course.

J. E. M., Buff.—There is no settled practice. Usually, at sixty-six, the loser of a game has the first deal in the next game. Many players, however, limit this practice to three-handed games.

A. AND H., Cleveland.—Capt. Bogardus' lowest score in a match at 100 birds during his last visit to England was 83, and he was defeated by Payne by nine birds. In his match with Capt. Shelley he scored 84.

J. H., Brooklyn.—Those sons became American citizens at their birth, and, unless meanwhile they have done something to forfeit that citizenship, they need no naturalization-papers.

DECLINED—"Meandering Through the Park," "We Met, Love," "Don't You Remember What Jessie Said to Me," "Little Sweetheart," "Down by the Dot Old Mill Stream," "My Handsome Blue-eyed Bride," "Our Educated Feet."

STARKEY.—It is not customary for amateur athletic associations to make use of weights in jumping, but the "Laws of Athletics" do not prohibit their use, and in one or two colleges they may be in favor.

J. C., Chicago.—A can be held to his answer: "I cannot show it," in which he gave weight by laying down his cards as if to "run" the deck. He must "run," if B insists upon it.

LANNIE, Davenport.—1. Joe Coburn weighed 152lb the day he fought Mike McCoole. 2. We think he has weighed more than that walking about in citizen's dress, but he never fought at 185lb.

SUBSCRIBER, Rochester.—1. Samuel French & Son, corner of Union square and University place, this city, can supply you with works on costumes. 2. H. J. Eaves, East Twelfth street, near Broadway, this city.

A. H. B., Winnipeg.—1. Cannot state the greatest estimated number of people who ever witnessed the Derby race in England. 2. We have heard that he cannot, but have no positive knowledge of the fact.

S. B. D., Los Angeles.—It is not improbable that the time you mention was made. We have no record of time made in any other race governed by the same conditions.

F. M. W.—1. There are more Irish than Germans in this city by about 34,000. 2. The next U. S. census will probably be taken in 1880.

MUSICIAN, Rochester.—It is purely a matter of opinion who are the best performers in the world in the respective lines named by you.

H. D. L., Chicago.—1. Blue Heron is at school in Europe. Apply in person to the manager of any such troupe that may visit your city.

ACTOR, Buffalo.—1. We do not publish the ages of professional ladies. 2. Not married. 3. No such book in print.

T. P. K., Marblehead.—It is not building from the table. It is not strictly "building." It is "combining," and it is correct.

PUNDIT, Phillipsburg.—The bet is assumed to be on the election just past, and the man will win if the party he named is elected.

J. H. B., Malden.—Your friend is "skunked" beyond the possibility of continuous doubt in the mind of anyone but himself.

YORK HOUSE.—Geo. Guyon walked 75 miles in 14h. 33m. at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 12 last. Smith gave up after walking less than 42 miles.

B. H. B., Phila.—He stands about 5ft. 8in., weighs about 185lb, and is about forty-two years old, we should judge. For exact weight, age and height, address him.

F. A. K., Boston.—B is out on his low, as C, who gave two, and made high-game, had two to go, while B had but one.

CONSTANT READER, London.—Do not know his whereabouts. Address a letter to him in care of this office, and it may elicit the desired information.

C. H. B., 22 Irvin Manrice began an engagement in the Broadway Theatre, just below Broome street, New York, Sept. 2, 1867.

H. E., Providence.—Rev. Josiah Henson is said to have been the model from which Mrs. H. B. Stowe drew the character of Uncle Tom; but we cannot vouch for it.

CONSTANT READER, Pittsburg.—1. The Brooklyn (L. I.) Theatre was burned Dec. 5, 1876. 2. The Ashtabula railroad disaster occurred Dec. 29, 1876.

NOEL.—1. Write to the lady named, and let her read the play. 2. Some steps were recently taken towards forming a society for the protection of American playwrights.

S. K. W., Washington.—The man for whom 44 was thrown owns the ring. The party who was called upon to throw for him had not the slightest license to sell the chance.

CO-OPERATIVE CO., Lafayette.—The dealer at euchre must give himself precisely the same number of cards, each time around, that he gives to the others.

J. H., Sharon.—1, Consult a geography. 2. Tom Sayers defeated Bill Benjamin twice. 3. It is.

A. J. B. JR., Baltimore.—1. A hand of four cards is foul at poker, and its holder has no claim to the pot. 2. You can call out on "sweeps," as in any other point.

A. J. G., Seneca.—1. May 6, 1868. 2. Probably in 1849-50, as the first train from here to New Haven ran in December, 1848.

ROLLER, Hartford.—Properly used, glycerine will keep internal rollers soft. It is the water in those rollers that causes shrinkage.

PROF. W. F. B., Wheeling.—1. Your card will cost 75c. each time. 2. Three ($3) per week upwards. 3. Your letter was sent as directed.

C. W.—It raised somewhere on that day. You do not state where, and we prefer to be excused from pursuing so trivial a question.

J. W. K., Boston.—The pyramids of Egypt, St. Peter's Church, Rome, and the Strasburg Cathedral are the three highest structures in the world, probably.

EVART MILLS.—1. Don't know. 2. John G. Scholes of Toronto is about as good as any in Canada, we understand.

E. H. BATES, Leominster.—1. The run, as with trick, can only go on record as of an eighth of a mile. 2. See tables in CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents.

W. E. P., Lynn.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC answers the question. He held the bell up with one hand, but used both in picking it to his shoulder.

D. T. S., Marlboro.—We would advise that you propound your queries to the oarsman himself, as we have no means of finding out save by communicating with him.

W. H. JONES, Paris.—The fastest running time by a horse, one mile, is 1:39½, by Tom Brooks. Running races are not officially timed in England.

O. S. Kearney.—W. L. Hayden is a teacher of the guitar, and is located on Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

F. McD.—Four aces are high at poker, unless it is agreed to play straight-flushes.

D. AND F.—Ed. Burt played Dr. Landis (tragedian) and H. A. Fisher the agent (manager).

SUBSCRIBER, New Bedford.—It was not a base-hit, as it enabled the fielders to force a man out.

C. AND F., Utica.—The best name is that which is most expressive.—"Bunting" or "Bunting Alley."

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—Having passed out, D had no right to say anything.

THEO. W. AND G. H. W., Newark.—In this county a man cannot vote without being registered.

COKE, Cincinnati.—In 10, 5, 5, 3, 4, 3, there is no run for the last 3.

CHICAGO.—Five sixes make the highest hand at poker-dice.

C. F., Clyde.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC, or wait for that for 1879, to be issued about Jan. 5 next.

C. D. F., St. Louis.—Charles Gallagher, who fought Tom Allen, died at Jacksonville, Fla.

J. J. JR., Elyria.—Write to the Pope Manufacturing Company, 87 Summer street, Boston, Mass.

M. L.—Have no data. We can tell you which was the coldest Monday in those years.

F. G. S.—The horse Duke of Magenta, now on his way to England, is a runner.

W. P., Brooklyn.—You cannot change the color without the use of cosmetics.

E. M. M., "Serio-comic."—Letters remain in our care until claimed by the parties to whom they are addressed.

M. B.—Edward Cooper, Mayor-elect of this city, is a Democrat.

J. J. D.—State the game so that we can recognize it, and likewise state if the ace of trumps is the bale, and when.

CONSTANT READER.—1. April 1, 1873. 2. About 546 were lost.

C. E. L., Allegheny.—The statement is not clear to us, though the facts are no doubt quite apparent to yourself.

L. AND S., Amsterdam.—The three fastest consecutive heats are Rarus' 2:15, 2:13¼, 2:13¾.

F. B. C., Phila.—Sayers' arm was not broken in his fight with Heenan.

MAY MARSHALL, Erie.—A forfeit must be posted before a challenge can be published.

ORRISTON, Peterboro.—We have nothing to add to the answers we have already given.

VOICE CULTURE, Boston.—Apply to any good teacher. A number can be found in your city.

EDWYRCH, Chelsea.—The match bet, and A wins the hat.

CONSTANT READER, Lawrence Co.—We do not know.

H. M. C., Baltimore.—High, low, jack and the game.

CARROLL.—Write to Prof. Edison, Menlo Park, N. J.

W. J., Philadelphia.—In Gallatin, March 24, 1875.

EMMA B.—No races are announced for that date.

J. H., Newark.—About forty-two, we should say.

DICK M., Atlantic.—They will be used if suitable.

W. J. CHAPPELL, Cincinnati.—Will get details.

A. G. T., Susquehanna.—We cannot say.

W. W.—For two years, we think.

F. B., Toronto.—They did not.

B. F. N.—There is no ranking.

HAVING once more decided the fate of the nation, and placed the distribution of the loaves and fishes in the hands of the successful candidates, our duty is done; so the next thing in order is to get out the old skates and sleighs, and put them in good running order for the approaching season, which, according to the weather-wise prophets, is to be unusually severe, or otherwise, as the case may be. The first snow and the first ice of the season have already made their appearance, and the merry sleigh-bells will soon be heard on the avenues, while the cackle of the bull-frog will be overshadowed by the hilarious jocularity of the belles and the beaux as they glide over the frozen thoroughfares, or join in the mazy at the warm hostelrie on the road, while the dispenser of spiritual truth is brewing a mug of ye choice mountain dew or a flagon of ye rich and racy hot-scotch.

THEATRICALS in New York seem difficult to understand just now. A year or so ago some of our most attractive Broadway stars, failing to draw in their usual places along the line of our great thoroughfare, passed over to the western quarter of the city, and did remarkably well there with a low scale of prices. This year they have once more made a change of base, and the Old Bowery is now their objective point. Thus, if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.

EXTRAORDINARY EXCITEMENT has been occasioned by the exhumation of the remains of A. T. Stewart, and their concealment by the resurrectionists. Body-snatching is no new thing in this vicinity, but it required the theft of a millionaire's body to direct attention to the subject. The arrest and conviction of the parties who stole the body of Stewart may be the means, hereafter, of protecting the remains of those who die poor.

WHAT THE BASEBALL-PLAYER is to do with himself in the dreary months of Winter, when baseball is not, and the bat and the ball are carefully laid away in camphor, is one of the distressing questions now agitating his otherwise calm and unruffled mind. A study of the laws of the game might help him to pass the lonely hours away, and better fit him for the requirements of the next campaign.

ALTHOUGH Congress Hall, the Atlantic, and other burnt-out hotels at Cape May stood close to the water's edge, not a resident of that celebrated watering-place had the forethought to put out the fire by topping the burning buildings into Old Ocean, whence they would have been carried out to sea, and all traces of the conflagration been thereby obliterated.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS are now ready to swear that they were guests last Summer at the hotels destroyed by fire on Saturday at Cape May. Two hundred thousand will make additional affidavit that they were the very last that took a meal at Congress Hall, the Columbia, or the Centre House.

YE LATE ice-cream vender standeth all the day idle, and bewaileth yej passing-away of ye sunny days of childhood, and all that that implies. But ye living dispenser of hot chestnuts smileth in ye plenitude of his prosperity, and mocketh at ye infirmities of ye obsolete dealer in frozen wares. Verily, there *is* a time for all things.

WHEN WE HEAR defeated candidates calmly singing "There is a happy land far, far away," we cannot help believing that such men were created for nobler purposes than to be stood up in the political arena merely to be knocked down by the cruel hand of fate. Ah!

THE MAN of Boston who, for several months past, has made money right straight along by soliciting aid for the purpose of assisting him to bury his grandmother, has just been gathered to his alleged deceased relative, and placed in the silent tomb for one year.

AN INDEPENDENT VOTER, after being pressed for his occupation on essaying to poll his tenth ballot, admitted that he was a stone-cutter, but the challenger brought out the additional fact that he "served his time" in Sing Sing!

THE NATIONAL PARK BANK of this city acknowledges the receipt of $189,640.66 in aid of the yellow-fever sufferers up to Nov. 9, and we believe this is the largest sum received by any institution or committee for that object.

AND NOW ye small boy walketh in his sleep, and goeth for ye Fall pippins and ye greenings; and ye paternal parent catcheth ye somnambulist on ye fly with ye forbidden fruit, and doth beat him with many stripes.

WITH ITS VAST EXPERIENCE in the complications of political warfare, and its knowledge of the eccentricities of weapons of offense and defense, it now appears that Tammany "didn't know it was loaded."

WHEN the closing of the polls on election day the bar-room setter suddenly found his occupation gone, for the candidate had performed his duty to his fellow-man and closed up for repairs.

THE GAS COMPANIES everywhere seem to be greatly exercised in private over the possibility of the success of the electric illuminator, and yet in public they affect to make light of it.

THE PEOPLE most enthusiastic over the prospect of a resumption of specie payment are those who have nothing to redeem, and have but faint hopes of getting anything.

CHARLES READE'S LATEST.

If Mr. Charles Reade were not a novelist of repute, we should be strongly tempted to call him—some one of the things which he is apt to call his rivals. His recent letter to the husband of Frances Hodgson Burnett, touching the dramatization of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" displays certain characteristics which might have made him infamous, had not other things made him famous. This letter attempts to justify his course in constructing a play out of materials furnished by somebody else. He declares that there is no earthly reason why he should not dramatize Mrs. Burnett's novel. "The authoress," he says, "in her book has shown a natural and proper desire to retain *copyright* in both countries. But she has not printed one syllable to lead one to suppose she desired to retain *stageright* in it." This is Mr. Reade's plea, italics and all.

It may be true that there is no earthly reason—or shall we say legal reason?—why an Englishman may not dramatize an American story. We speak thus of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," because it was written, printed and copyrighted in America, and because Mrs. Burnett, although an Englishwoman by birth, achieved her first literary distinction in this country. Undeniably Charles Reade was at liberty to make a play out of the story, if he so chose. He had the right to do it—legally. He could bring it out at any English theatre—legally. He could profit by the brains of another, and share the receipts of the box-office—legally. But—but is this the Charles Reade who, not very long ago, uncorked the vials of his vituperative wrath and poured their vitriolic contents upon the heads of all thieves who stole the products of other men's brains? Is this the Charles Reade who, in announcing his dramatization of this very story, advertised that he would give a handsome reward to any person who would "give him timely notice of piracy"—emphasized with a big P? Is this the Charles Reade who, in a prefatory note to the American edition of "Put Yourself in His Place" (we have not a copy of the book at hand, but we quote his words as nearly as we can from memory), said that he hoped all reputable publishers in this country would respect the moral right which Messrs. Sheldon & Co. had acquired by paying him liberally for the advance-sheets of his story? If this, indeed, be the same Charles Reade, then either time has wrought in him a marvelous change, or else that which we mistook for honest warfare against literary piracy was, in fact, nothing more than the explosion of a very noisy blank-cartridge.

But the author of "A Simpleton" endeavors, in his letter, to draw a sharp line between copyright and stageright. He would have it appear that there is no piracy about stealing the material for an acting drama. Legally he is right, so long as the drama in question is acted in England. But what are the facts in this case? Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote a story which achieved—and deserved—amazing success. This story was straightway reprinted in London, and not long afterwards was adapted to the stage. In fact, three versions had been advertised (and two of them performed) in England before Mr. Reade took the matter in hand. With characteristic modesty he explains in his letter that he should not have undertaken the task if the other dramatists had shown themselves capable of dealing with the subject. Having so far condescended as to take hold of this story and dramatize it, as it should be dramatized, Mr. Reade proceeds to sell to an American actress the right to play his version of an American story in America! And he coolly writes to the author of that story: "No egg can be roasted all on one side. I cannot be divinely just to American citizens in a business where they never show me one grain of human justice or even mercy; and so long as your nation is a literary thief you must expect occasional reprisals. These reprisals are a sort of bad equity." Let it be remembered that this noble sentiment is expressed by the chivalric champion of the moral rights of authors. But these are not all the facts. Mrs. Burnett not only wrote, published and copyrighted "That Lass o' Lowrie's" in this country, but she reserved all stagerights, dramatized her own novel, and copyrighted that dramatization. Mr. Reade closes his letter to Dr. Burnett by asserting that in the United States, as in England, there is no such thing as stageright in a novel. Educated Londoners have been known to inquire whether New-Yorkers live exclusively on the buffaloes which they kill in the streets, or whether our diet is occasionally varied by the introduction of a boiled papoose. We do not look to resident Englishmen generally for a very comprehensive knowledge of America; but we confess to a certain degree of surprise at finding a writer of Mr. Reade's positiveness proclaiming his ignorance of our laws with such self-satisfied assurance. Doubtless he will learn, if he did not long ago know, that in the United States there is such a thing as stageright in a novel, and, moreover, when that right is infringed on, there is a law to punish the offender. So far as we are able to learn, no exception to this law is made in favor of Mr. Charles Reade, novelist.

Very properly, Mrs. Burnett took it upon herself to reply to the letter addressed to her husband. Her answer cannot fail to prove racy reading to Mr. Reade. She says, among other things, that some time ago she wrote a letter to the novelist requesting him to dramatize her story for England, but afterwards decided not to send it. "I wish I had now," she adds, "because then I might have retained an illusion or so." The keen but delicate irony of that sentence is worthy of its author. We have no doubt it will be appreciated by Mr. Reade. The author of "Foul Play" tells us he is a dramatist, and that nothing but bad laws ever drove him into the novel. If that is so, let us thank bad laws. Mr. Reade should be judged by the same rules which are applied to other men. We certainly have no desire to belittle his literary achievements. He has written some of the best novels of the day. The crisp, bright style of his earlier works was a sort of revelation. The trenchant tone of some of his later books effected reforms which Parliament had failed to accomplish. Perhaps he is greater even as a dramatist than as a novelist; but if that be so, it seems a little odd that he should be forced to find material for his plays in the brain-product of other writers. Greatness in a dramatist is the power to create, not to adapt. However, while we admire Mr. Reade's talents, we hold that he had no moral right to make use of Mrs. Burnett's story without first consulting that lady; and he had no legal right to sell his version of a play which had already been copyrighted in this country. As for the letter which he addressed to Dr. Burnett, we can only repeat what we said at the outset: If Mr. Charles Reade were not a novelist of repute we should, after reading that letter, be tempted to apply to him some one of the polite epithets which he is continually applying to other people.

SPARKS FROM COLE.—The appended scintillations are from the forge of our Indianapolis correspondent, though they are by no means forgeries:

If a law could be enforced giving to the Indians their just rights, at least one tribe would be thankful for such a statute. You can discern the point if *Ute* try.

Sardou's latest popular effort is entitled to a *Diploma. See?*

Diet for carpenters: *Pine*-apples.

The report that the commander of the Army of the Rio Grande will be Ordered on the retired list lacks confirmation.

Tony Denier carries his own orchestra, and it is presumable he would have *Nixon* other.

The policeman in "Evangeline" has a *Golden* opportunity to *beat* (no reference to free lunches) himself into notoriety.

Hunters are now *quailing* before the furious onslaughts of farmers who have good *grounds* for enforcing the trespass laws.

A firm in a Western city keeps a live fox ensconced in a wired box in front of its place of business—a *sly* way of advertising.

A weighty invention: Edison's electric light; for does it not make *gaslight* stock *heavy?*

The managers of a Michigan fair prohibited the sale of cider on their grounds, but offered premiums for the best wine—an *un*fair discrimination.

If a vessel should ship its crew at the leading city of southern Ireland, might not the former be appropriately named the *corkscrew?*

At the funeral of a carpenter's wife the officiating clergyman innocently perpetrated a pun by remarking that he hoped the bereaved husband of the deceased would *join 'er* in heaven.

Now is the time to take in your ice-plants and to dig around your cat-arbor grape-vine. It is a good time also for raking up oyster-beds and putting frills on your scallops.

THE CHICKEN that crew so at the close of every election in this city for the past twenty years is waiting for further returns from the outlying counties.

IS IT likely that the vaulting ambition of those grave students of St. Mark will o'erleap itself? Twenty-five thousand dollars is a goodly reward!

THE HOOP-POLE BUSINESS has taken a rise since it was ascertained that a Cooper has been elected Mayor of New York.

THE IDES of November are upon us, and yet the author of "Beautiful Snow" remains an "unknown quantity."

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALDRICH, Edward K.—A young lawyer of this city, son of W. F. Aldrich, received of the Mutual Savings-bank. He committed suicide by poisoning—here, Nov. 7, aged 32.

ACCOLTI, M.—Of the Society of Jesus and College of St. Ignatius, San Francisco, Cal.—there, Nov. 6, aged 72.

BLUM, O. Pinelpa.—Extensively engaged in the manufacture of patent medicines. His laboratory in Jersey City had facilities in London, Berlin, Vienna, and elsewhere. At an early age he was apprenticed to Alfred K. Burr of *The Hartford* (Ct.) *Times*, and he worked at the case. About 1852 he came to this city, and started a literary journal with the title of *The Empire City*, with Ned Buntline as a serial writer, and having offices successively in Ann street, corner of Theatre Alley, and in Spruce street. This paper died slowly, and about 1856 he entered into the patent-medicine business as a curer of consumption, the remedial agent having been furnished him by one whom he advertised extensively as a medical physician whose hands of life have nearly run out." The prescription could be put up at very little cost, save as to one essential drug, so scarce that it could not be found in any pharmacopœia, and could be procured nowhere but at the Jersey City office of O. P. Brown, who at the outset resided in Orchard street, this city. The "retired physician" was not wholly a myth. Mr. Brown is credited with having been the author of "The Complete Herbalist."—Saybrook, Ct., Nov. 7, aged 56.

BLUNT, Robert.—An English metaphysician, scholar and author. His books are numerous, and include a number of volumes on sporting topics. He once edited *The Northern Liberator*, and was a contributor to the Encyclopedia Britannica. He was a friend of Sir William Hamilton and other distinguished men—Newcastle, Eng., Oct. 25, aged 83.

BLISS, Horace.—Formerly a Major in the U. S. Army. He was graduated at West Point in 1822, and was in active service until 1857. He spent five years in the service of the Government of Chili, South America.—Baltimore Md., Nov. 7, aged 78.

BROWN, Milton H.—A member of the Philadelphia bar—that city, Nov. 2, aged 33.

BARTHOLOMEW, Uri.—Widely known as a hotel-keeper. He formerly kept the Rutledge House on Broadway, this city. At the time of his death he was proprietor of the Frazier House, Elmira, N. Y.—there, Nov. 8.

BACHE, Henry W.—Of the U. S. Coast Survey. He had been in the service for a number of years. And last Winter was stationed on the Florida coast—Bristol, R. I., Nov. 6, aged 38.

BENSON, Benjamin.—Of Harford County, Md. He had passed seventy years of his life on one farm—near Fallston, Md., Nov. 5, aged 95.

BROWN, Elizabeth.—A granddaughter of Jacob Felder of Revolutionary fame—Camden County, Ga., Nov. 1, aged 93.

CARMAN, Philip.—An old resident of Ulster County, this State. He committed suicide by hanging—Walker Valley, N. Y., Nov. 1, aged 78.

DOWN, Valentine.—A Presbyterian minister. He formerly resided in Oneida County, this State, but more recently in Sussex County, Va. He was a poet of no mean order, and a man of superior education—Stony Creek, Va., Nov. 1, aged 40.

DEARBORN, Mrs. Sarah—Of Deerfield, N. H.—there, Nov. 7, aged 97.

DORCENS, John—An old stage-driver on the Fifth-avenue line, this city. He had held the reins for twenty years, and had been employed on the old Red Bird line of stages in Third avenue. In his old age while mounting to his box—this city, Nov. 5, aged 40.

DUTCH, Alfred.—Formerly engaged in the woolen business in Salem and Boston, Mass., and afterwards a farmer near Peoria, Ill. In 1856 he removed to Chicago, and became a journalist and founded *The Advertiser*, a Whig paper. For the past fourteen years he had been in the Chicago Post-office—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 6, aged 78.

DELAHAYE, Alfred.—A well-known mineralogist. For more than fifty years he had been a professor in the University of France—Paris, France, Oct. 14, aged 84.

DENYSE, Simon—A veteran of the War of 1812—Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 6, aged 84.

EAGAN, Margaret.—For fifty years a resident of Detroit, Mich.—there, Nov. 6, aged 102.

FAZY, Jean-Jacques—The eminent Swiss statesman. He was educated in France, and took an active part in the liberal opposition to the restoration of the Bourbons after the fall of the first Napoleon. He published several pamphlets during this period on political economy. He was a disciple of Adam Smith and of J. B. Say, father of the present French Minister of Finance. He was one of the founders of the *France Chretienne* in 1827, and on its suppression by the ever-corrupt Louis Philippe, in 1830, of the *Revue de France au XIXme Siecle*, in which he published a series of articles entitled "Lettres d'un Americain." Since that time he has played a prominent part as a writer and politician, both in France and Switzerland—Geneva, Switzerland, Nov. 6, aged 82.

GUEDIN, Jacques—An importer of watches and jewelry, this city. Mr. Guedin was born in Neufchatel, Switzerland, and was for many years a resident of Locle. One of his friend, of Mr. Lorenzo Delmonico. He came to this country in 1831, and joined the firm of John Mangin & Co., watch importers. At Mr. Mangin's death the firm's name was changed to Veuve J. Mangin & Guedin & Co. He died in the office of John Snook, architect, while consulting with the latter about the firm's new place of business—this city, Nov. 9, aged 68.

GRAY, Morgan—A commission merchant and one of the original members of the New York Produce Exchange—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 7, aged 61.

HAVELL, Robert—Portrait and engraver of "Audubon's Birds." Nearly fifty years ago the naturalist crossed the ocean in search of a firm rich and skillful enough to attempt the great task of engraving the results of his life-work. Audubon reached London friendless, penniless and unknown, while his uncouth dress and long hair earned for him the appellation of "The Backwoodsman of America." No one came forward with courage enough to make the £35 risk, and in despair he was about to return home and quit the great city, when he heard of the firm of Havell & Son. To them he went with his portfolios filled with sketches in crayon and water-colors. It was there that Audubon had been obliged to make use of the juice of berries when his saints had given out on his journeys through the Western wilds. Robert Havell was at last persuaded to undertake the engraving of the plates, and spent fourteen years in their completion. These original plates, which were of copper, and weighed several tons, were destroyed by fire in this city a few years ago. Mr. Havell had resided in this country for many years—Tarrytown, N. Y., Nov. 7.

HALLOWELL, Sarah—A respected member of the Society of Friends—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 5, aged 86.

HALAKENAMA, Yoshiori—A Japanese editor, president of the Tokio University, and vice-president of the Educational Delegation sent to this country in 1876 to study the American school system—Japan, recently.

HOHNES, Peter—An English clergyman who had collected a library of over 25,000 volumes, many of the books being extremely rare—Plymouth, Eng., Oct. 13.

HAWES, John—One of the oldest and most prosperous bakers of this city. He was a member of the Produce Exchange—here, Nov. 6, aged 63.

HUBBARD, Capt.—A veteran of the War of 1812, and for many years a magistrate of Carthage, N. Y.—there, Oct. 24, aged 86.

JONES, Henry—A prominent Congregationalist clergyman and graduate of Yale College in the class of 1820—Bridgeport, Ct., Nov. 9, aged 77.

JOURDAN, Robert B.—Apportionment Clerk of the Board of Assessors in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was formerly lieutenant-colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment, N. G., N. Y., and served with distinction in the Rebellion. He died of apoplexy—Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 7, aged 52.

JUDD, N. B.—A prominent Illinois politician. He had been chairman of the Republican State Committee, Collector of the Port of Chicago, a member of Congress, and was appointed Minister to Berlin by President Lincoln—Chicago, Ill., Nov. 11, aged 66.

KEMPER, Susan—A daughter of Ex-Gov. Kemper of Virginia—Warrenton, Va., Oct. 30, aged 84.

LEOPOLD, Charles—Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. He married the daughter of Frederick VI, King of Denmark—Oct. 24, aged 65.

LEHMAN, William H.—A member of the firm of Lehman & Bolton, lithographic printers, Philadelphia, Pa.—there, Nov. 5, aged 34.

LEWIS, James J.—A veteran of the War of 1812—Philadelphia, Pa., Nov 7, aged 84.

LARNED, Maurice—A colonel of militia and venerable resident of Dudley, Mass.—there, Nov. 5, aged 92.

MOSQUERA, Tomas Cipriano de—Ex-President of the old Republic of New Grenada and of the modern Colombia. Since the death of Bolivar, in 1830, he was the most conspicuous character in South America. He frequently visited this city, and twenty years ago delivered an address here